

Bill Nye on a Tour.

HE MEETS A TRAVELER AND DISCUSSES FARMING.

On board a Western train the other day I held in my boom for over 75 miles the elbow of a large man whose name I do not know. He was not a railroad bug or a hound, but a farmer, and he could not help it, so I forgave him.

He had a large, gentle, kindly eye, and when he desired to spit he went to the car door, opened it and decorated the entire outside of the train, forgetting that our speed would help to give scope to his remarks.

Naturally as he sat there by my side, holding on tightly to his ticket and evidently afraid that the conductor would forget to come and get it. I began to figure out in my mind what might be his business. He had pondered one thing so that the nail was black where the blood had settled under it. This might happen to a shoemaker, carpenter, a blacksmith, or almost any one else. So it didn't help me out much, though it looked to me as though it might have been done by trying to drive a fence nail through a leather hinge with the back of a nail, and nobody but a farmer would try to do that.

Following up the clue, I discovered that he had milk on his boots, and then I knew I was right. The man who milks before daylight in a dark barn when the thermometer is 25° below zero, and who hits his boot and misses the pail by reason of the cold and uncertain light and the predictability of the cow, is a marked man. He cannot conceal the fact that he is a farmer unless he removes that badge. So I started out on that theory and remarked that this would pass for a pretty hard winter on stock.

The thought was not original with me, for I have heard it expressed by others, either in this country or in Europe. He said it would.

"My cattle have gone through a mow of hay since October and 11 tons of brand. Hay don't seem to have the goodness to it that it had last year, and with their new process grinders they jerk all the juice out of brand-so you might as well feed cows with excelsior and upholder your horses with hemlock bark as to buy brand."

"What are the prospects of farmers in your State?"

"Well, they are poor. Never was so poor, in fact, since I've been there. Folks wonder why they leave the farm. My boys left it so as to get protected, they said, and so they went into a clothing store, one of 'em, and one went into hardware and one is talkin' protection in the legislature this winter. They said that farmin' was gettin' to be like fishin' and huntin', well enough for a man that has means and leisure, but they couldn't make a livin' at it, they said. Another boy is in a drug store, and the man that hires him says he is a royal feller."

"Kind of a castor royal feller," I said, with a shrill of laughter. He waited until I had laughed all I wanted to, and then he said:

"I've always holled for high tariff in order to hys the public debt, but now that we've got the national debt cooped, I wish they'd take a little back at mine. I've put in 50 years farmin'."

I never drank liquor in any form. I've worked from 10 to 15 hours a day; been economical in cloze and never went to a show more'n a dozen times in my life; raised a family and learned upwards of 200 calves to drink out of a tin pail without blowing all their vitals up my sleeves. My wife worked alongside of me sewin' new seats on the boys' pants, skinnin' milk and even helpin' me to load hay. For 40 years we toiled along together and hardly got time to look into each other's faces or dared to stop and get acquainted with each other. Then her health failed. Ketched cold in the springhouse, prob'ly skinnin' milk and washin' pans and sealin' pails and spakin' butter. Anyhow, she took in a long breath one day while the doctor and me was watchin' her, and she says to me, "Henry," says she, "I've got a chance to rest, and she put one tired, worn out hand on top of the other tired, worn out hand, and I knew she'd gone where they don't work all day and do chores all night."

"I took time to kiss her then. I'd been too busy previous to do that, and then I called in the boys. After the funeral it was too much for them to stay around and eat the kind of cookin' we had to put up with, and nobody spoke up around the house as of low by themselves about goin' to town and gettin' a job."

"They're all gone now, and the snow is four feet deep on mother's grave up there in the old berryin' ground."

Then both of us looked out of

the car window quite a long time without saying anything. "I don't blame the boys for goin' into something else long of other things say better; but I say—and I say what I know—that the man who holds the prosperity of this country in his hands, the man that actually makes money for other people to spend, the man that eats three good, simple, square meals a day and goes to bed at nine o'clock, so that future generations with good blood and cool brains can go from his farm to the Senate and Congress and the White House—he is the man that gets left at last to run his farm, with nobody to help him but a hired man and a high protective tariff. The farms in our state are mortgaged for over \$700,000,000. Ten of our Western States—I see by the papers—have got about three billion and a half mortgages on their farms, and that don't count the chattel mortgages filed with the town clerks on farm machinery, stock, wagons, and even cows, by gosh! that ain't two in ches high under the snow. That's what the prospects is for farms now. The government is rich, but the men that made it, the men that fought peraitic fires and potaito blights and blizzards, and has paid the war debt and pensions and everything else and holled for the Union and Republican party and high tariff and everything else that they were told to do, is left high and dry with \$7,500,000,000 on the farms they have earned and saved a thousand times over."

"Yes, but look at the glory of sending from the farm the future president, the future senator and the future member of congress."

"That looks well on paper, but what does it really amount to? Soon as a farmer boy gets in a place like that produced him and holds his head as high as a holy hock. He bellers for protection to everybody but the farmer, and while he sails round in a lighty tighty room with a fire in night and day, his father on the farm has to kindle his own fire in the morning with elm slivers, and he has to wear his son's lawn tennis suit next to him or freeze to death, and he has to milk in an old gray shawl that has held that member of congress when he was a baby, by gosh! land the old lady has to sojourn through the winter in the flannels that Silas wore at the rigatier before he went to congress."

"So I say, and I think that congress agrees with me, damn a farmer, anyhow!"

He then went away.

Salt Creek.

Mr. Frank Redfern closed his six months term of school in the Blue Creek district, March 2nd. And we will say that Frank gave universal satisfaction to both parents and school as an exemplary school teacher. Mr. Redfern had previously arranged for an exhibition at the close of his school, and was ably assisted by C. J. Woodward. And we will say that the public exhibition free to all was had on the night after school closed, and there was a full house in attendance, and all the actors reflected credit to themselves on the parts they performed. But C. J. Woodward's "colored minstrel troupe" by night under the house in cheers and yells of delight. Mr. Woodward has good talents for dramatic performance, a bonnier, a tambourine picker, or anything that Sambo can do.

Israel has blood in his eye against the reporter for not saying that he routed, he scouted, and badly whipped the gander. The reporter is trying to south Loyal by telling him he is entitled to a pension for getting wounded in battle, as all the L-ralities are witnesses that he did.

Protracted meeting is now in progress at Mt. Zion, under the supervision of Rev. Gen. Perkins assisted by Dr. Lively.

Uncle Bill Kennedy's little daughter is very sick with a fever, and the wife of David Hymos is at the point of death with heart trouble.

The pleasant winter has been one of the most severe upon man and beast; and scarcely of every thing stars us in the face.

Wheat is greatly damaged by the winter.

Railroad projects are all the boom at present. Two lines are talked of being built down Salt Creek the coming season, one hailing from Lancaster and the other from Washington C. H., to which John Karshner's line is to be dipped into the coal field at Floodwood. We hope they will come before the Ohio Centennial comes off, for we want to send an Indian mound as a natural curiosity, to represent the resources of Salt Creek for an ancient greatness.

Whenever the Border News

has occasion to speak of the misdeeds of a citizen of Salt Creek, they almost invariably add, a township charge, or often more ultra say—a pauper has tied and been buried by the trustees. Such inferences as these would naturally lead the public to believe that the residents of Salt Creek twp. are about all paupers. When often in the past we have noticed that several of such notices were false. We have some of course that have to be buried by the township, but, does it give plumes of honor to a newspaper to make head lines of victims of poverty.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human or animal skin, cured in 30 minutes by Woolf's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails, sold by F. HARRINGTON, Druggist, Logan, O. Aug. 4, '87-1 yr.

RELICS OF ST. PATRICK.

His Chair and Bed—The Kitchen of St. Kevin.

Of course Ireland abounds in relics of the saints, and most of St. Patrick, whose "chair" is a really national relic in the Glen of Aghavane. The tradition is that it was originally a "crumpled" or Druid monument, and to make it a memorial of the fact that the old religion had been driven out.

ST. PATRICK'S CHAIR.

by Christianity, it was fastened into "St. Patrick's chair." St. Patrick's bed and chair are also relics of the fact, stated by St. Patrick, that the Irish saint found his first refuge in a cave at Armagh, where he devoted all the time to his holy purpose, and fervent and unceasing prayer, and the school and church founded on these hills soon became the light of northwestern Europe.

ST. PATRICK'S BED AND CHAIR.

At Clonsilla, St. Kevin, who lived soon after St. Patrick, founded a famous abbey, around which a city grew. "St. Kevin's chair," as it is called, is said that remains of the church. The round tower near by was there before the Christian era, and is a relic of the pre-Christian times. "St. Kevin's chair," another notable relic, was put up 500 years after St. Patrick. The relic of the patron saint was followed by 200 years of progress, glory and civilization, in which Ireland sent missionaries to all the

neighboring lands; then came the Danes, and 300 years later was almost continuous war. Scarcely were the Danes expelled when the Normans came, and the wars of the Conquest followed. In those troubled times the country reeled almost to the original barbarism. Thus in 1,200 we have the idea of one of two great brightness and civilization divided by a long era of darkness; and we can only wonder that so much is preserved of the days of St. Patrick.

RIDDING IRELAND OF THE SNAKES.

St. Patrick—Beware, all of you! As you see your year's work is finished to put into this soil—New York Daily Graphic.

TIME TABLE.

Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley R.R.

IN EFFECT MARCH 4, 1888.

Trains Arrive and Depart FROM LANCASTER AS FOLLOWS:

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TIME TABLE.

COLUMBUS & CINCINNATI MIDLAND RAILROAD.

November 24th, 1887.

Central Time.

EAST BOUND.

WEST BOUND.

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